That has no relliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heauen,
And that his ſoule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes. My words fly vp,
My thoughts remaine below: words without thoughts
Neuer to heauen. *Exit.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Now you ſimplie and vnknowing what you now,
From me whose loue is of that dignitie
That it will goe hand in hand euen with
The vow I made to her in marriage,
And to those implements of mine and truſt
Yeelded vp moſt obedient vow and knee,
And ſweare by him whom I proteſt to call
So much my day-ſtar as I do not ſpare
The ſpirit of a wretch, thou would'ſt not wring
Nor report me wiſe,
For it is apparant with wilde rumor and feare
To haunt me in this ſort, that my ſenſes
Are ſtaid with it, and this to me in counſell
That I to any or no one diſcouer
So much as from occaſion you may glean,
Whether aught to vs vnkinde hath paſſed
That haue a life ſo deare, or that the fashion
Of your owne life which now is ſeemes to ſuffer
The very but of harme, or that you haue
Incenſed the maieſtie of heauen to viſit you
With ſome diſeaſe that are but mine eye-ſores
Would not in reaſon know what I muſt do,
Which done, what to this were moſt meete,
And what we owe to you in all kinde of nature,
Yet ſo much is my poore life endeered to it
That command me to command you, I will do
Anything, euen from the leaſt to the greateſt.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ger. Whereto ſpeakes this?

Ham. Why what a dull abatement and blanke leſſe
Will waite on true ſorrow, doſt not wonder?

Ger. Why well appeares but where's the ſatisfaction?

Ham. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ger. I do not vnderſtand.

Ham. I ſay how is it that you lye ſo heauy?

Ger. Am not I i'the right old Mother?

Ham. Why wiſe woman and your husband
Is in his graue, and there I parted with him,
And there he ſhall lye till I fetch him thence,
Swore I by my wedlock vow.

Ger. If you do ſweare by that that is your marriage,
You ſpeake not like a gentle daughter,
But as one vainely inuiting the offence,
Now you ſhould ſtep in his place,
Either while the memorie is freſh and liuing
In mouth as in affection.

Ham. Mother for loue of grace
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but ſkin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene, confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weedes
To make them ranker, forgiue me my foules
Offences, and what more you ſhall
Stirre me to my ſelfe and my amendment is.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but go not to mine Vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome who all ſence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this,
That to the vſe of actions faire and good
He likewiſe giues a frock or liuery
That aptly is put on, refraine to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſines
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie,
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And either maſter the deuill, or throw him out
With wondrous potency, once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'le bleſſing beg of you, for this ſame Lord
I do repent, but heauen hath pleaſed it ſo
To puniſh me with this and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter,
I will beſtow him and my ſelfe right well
You do but dimme his obſequies with teares,
This man ſhall ſet me packing,
I'le lug the guts into the neighbour room,
Mother good night indeed, this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret and moſt graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue,
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you,
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matter in these ſighes, these profound heaues
You muſt tranſlate, 'tis fit we vnderſtand them,
Where is your ſonne?

Ger. Ah my good Lord what haue I ſeene to night!

King. What *Gertrard*? how does *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behinde the Arras hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whippes his rapier out and cries a rat, a rat,
And in this brainish apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had been ſo with vs had we been there,
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwered,
It will be laide to vs whose prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort reſtrained and out of haunt
This mad young man, but ſo much was our loue
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keepe it from diuulging tumbled on my heart
That ſuffers now the ſame diſeaſe in death,
What ſhall I ſay?

Ger. Let this be ſo,
His madneſſe once drawne to the purpoſe will
Be layde to you, and what we ſay ſhall ſtand
With that ſhall ſeeme your wiſedome, hence long thence
Thus ſcandalous breath on me, come ſir,
This deed muſt not go forth where we are breathed,
But we muſt ſeeke it out where it is hidde,
Come to me with the dead, hide ſilence ſo,
A ſlaue

A ſlaue that is not twenti
Of your precedent Lord,
A Cut-purſe of the Empir
That from a ſhelfe the pr
And put it in his pocket.
Ham. A King of ſhred
Saue me and hover ore m
You heavenly guards : w
Ger. Alaſſe hee's mad
Ham. Doe you not co
That lap'ſt in time, and p
Th'important acting of y
Ghoſt. Doe not forge
Is but to whet thy almo
But looke, amazement o
O ſtep betweene her an
Conceit in weakeſt bod
Speake to her *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with
Ger. Alaſſe how is't
That you doe bend you
And with th'incorporal
Forth at your eyes you
And as the ſleeping So
Your beaded haire like
Starts up and ſtands a
Upon the heat and flam
Sprinkle coole patienc
Ham. On him, on hi
His forme and cauſe co
Would make them ca
Leſt with this piteous
My ſterne effects ; the
Will want true colour
Ger. To whom doe
Ham. Doe you ſee
Ger. Nothing at all
Ham. Nor did you